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Poetry.

PLEASANT MUSINGS.

BY C. T. CLARKE.

'Tis sweet to sit at day's decline,
And muse on by-past hours;
For pleasant old fancies oft will twine,
To glad these hearts of ours.
The memory of the sainted dead,
The loved and lost, grow strong;
Again the tranquil tear we shed,
Nor do we deem it wrong,
To indulge in tender rhapsodies,
Of what may be the lot,
Of those who dwelt with us 'erewhile,
But now, alas! are not.
To think a creature few remain,
To share our good or ill;
To know they feel our bliss or pain,
Is sweeter, dearer still;—
Yes, give me but one well tried friend,
Whose counsel is sincere—
Whose kind consoling accents blend
With truths I love to hear—
And I will envy not the wealth
The sordid miser craves;
E'en though deprived of rosy health;
Hope throned above the waves,
Her golden anchor by her side,
Shall smile upon the storm.
And my frail barge in safety guide,
To haven safe and warm;
When the affections gently flow,
Like silver current free,
And swift-winged moments as they go,
Bear to eternity,—
A record tinged with heavenly hues;
Like sunshine on the flowers;
Of those who blissful sit and muse,
Alone, in earth's dim bowers.

Miscellany.

JEDEDIAH PARSLEY'S LETTER.

[To the Editor of the New York Republican.]

DEAR SIR:—Perhaps you never went Down East about muster time and Thanksgiving, and in course you don't know nothin' about huskin' frolics and parin bees and such like. In such case, I'm into you all about no particular measure at all, seein' its you and I don't know if I let you into some sartin doin's in these parts, that "Come off," as you Yorkers say, next fall will be two years. Now if I do, tell the hull story, I shall depend on your honor, (and I kalkulate that's rayther better than Mississippu bonds,) that you won't let out on me, cause if you did I should have Hetty Gawkins in my hair in no time, and may be sooner, and Prudence Parr wouldn't never let me stay with her agin in all creation. So here goes; and as every thing has a title now-a-days, I go in for the

PARIN' BEE.

And you never went to a Parin' Bee! Well, to tell the fair truth, I never did to only one, and pair me into' hoop-poles if ever I dew agin. It was a real screamer, for that matter, both on account of what happened there, and what befel afterwards. I have been to Huskin frolics, and quiltons, and musters, and fourth of Independence, and raisin's, &c. but only to one ginewine, high preshure Parin' Bee, and, blame the luck! but before I got threw I had an all sufficient great *pairin'* scraped off my shin bone, along with a *pair* of new boots all gone to eternal smash, besides a pair of spoilt trowsers for mother to scold about for a year afterwards. You see, Col. Gristle made the party. You know 'Col. Gristle' I 'spose. He's the Major of our regiment, though we calls him Col. out of compliment. Well, the Colonel and his new wife, Coz. Becky, made the frolic, and in course I had an invite, and so did all the galls and fellers 'for miles round. It was goin' to be a famous one, and so mother she went up to help Coz. Beckey git out the fixens the day afore;—and when she come home that nite, by golly! if my mouth didn't water, when she told over about the ovens-full of pumpkin pies and the piles of doenuts, to say nothin' about the lasses cake and new sizer, all ready and stowed away in the back buttry. She said how the Col. was agoin to set the two birch tables in the fore-room, and kالكال to fix sum boards in the kitchen to put the rest of the vittles on arter they'd got done pairin', and as they expected about '40 all told and there warn' cheers enuf for all to set, they had got to eat standin', which was the most polite way, and the Col. he *knew*, for he had been down to the Legislater all last winter and had seed how the big folks done it. Gracious! thought I, if I don't make up for *that* though,—I can eat as much agin that way, it goes down so much strater. Well towards nite the next day, while I was gettin' ready; who should come along but Jim

Spoooner, Jim and I had allers been pretty thick, and told each other everything. "How air you, Jed?" says he. "Oh, right as a book," says I. "How's yours?" "Jest about so, only a leetle taller—goin' up to the Kurnel's to nite?" "Yes by hokey," says I, "if I can ever get these 'tarnal boots on." "Pore sum soft sope into them, says he, and they'll go on as smooth as ile." They were a bran new pair of calf skins, and I had been tuggin' at the strap haf an hour afore Jim cum, so I run for the sope dish, and in went a pint of mother's best, and sure enuf, on they went; **quash!** "Why, you darned fool!" says Jim, "you orter poured the sope out afore you stuck your feet in." "Well, never mind," says I, for I was an all-fired hurry, cause it was gittin' late. "never mind—they feel cool and comfortable jest now—may be the sope will soften the leather," and off we started. I had on my new drab trowses. We had just got the cloth home from the mill, and Aunt Kitty set up all nite to finish them for the occasion. My coat was only comin' two years old and I felt that I warn't to be sneezed at by folks what hadn't got no noses. Jim and I had agreed aforehand that we'd borrow Deacon Dimon's old mare and wagon, and so bring home some of the gals; so we went into the old Deacon's to get her as we went along. The old mare was posky feer'd she'd cut up some infernal caper with us, cause, you see, she was sorter skittish like, and besides, he knew that Jim was rather a wild feller, and didn't care no more for a ninepence than a blue cat does when her back is up. But I told him I'd drive and be kereful, and to clinch the matter we paid him two shillins and promised the other the next day, so he told us if we thought we could catch the beast we might try it, and out we went to the paster. But the old mare was as shy as a black fox and wouldn't be come over so easy. She laid her ears back of her neck, and rolled out the white of her eye, as much as to say "nothin' green here, youngsters," and off she started, on a tall trot her tale switchin' this way and that way, like ~~at nite, clear to the other end of the paster.~~

A weery chase we had of it, I tell ye, afore we could corner her. At last we got her in between the fence and a big rock, and Jim he crept up on one side, and I on tother, till at last I made a grab at her foretop. But no sooner did I lay my hand on her than she wheeled on her hind feet, in the twinklin' of a drumstick, and landed me as much as twenty feet end over end, into a brush heap. "Consarn the Rip!" says I, and I picked myself up about the quickest—and when I looked 'round for the mare, may I be blasted if Jim wasn't on her back, without halter or bridle, gripin' her mane like destruction, and she puttin in the licks the worst kind for the orchard. Ride small, my lad! thinks I 'for 'you'll get the lint brushed off your brown cloth. But she changed her mind when she got most there, and turned for the barn yard. In she went, feather white, and brought up all a standin' agin the hay rack.—Soon as she stopped Jim slipped off and put the bars up, and then we had her where we could handle her. We soon fixed old vixen to the torgery and started. After we got out of site of the Deacon's I guess she got her pay for the ground and lofty tumblin' she made me perform, and the way she took her feet away from the ground was a caution to horse shoes. We seed long afore we got to the Col's, that there was to be a loud one there that evenin', for the winders was all lighted up both in the fore-room and kitchen, and every now and then, as we got nearer, we could hear somebody or other rore rite out a laffin. "Put on the bush, Jed," says Jim, "they'll have all the fun out afore we git there." "Nor as you knows on," said I, "there's good fish in the sea yet—that's only Mike Longly laffin at some of his own nonsense. I can tell Mike's woop as far as I can hear a hoot owl." With that we shove up to the door, and Jim, he jumped out; I followed suit, but, by the powers! no sooner than my feet struck the ground, but I curled up like treed forkentime! "Golly gracious! Jim," says I, "if my feet aint all jolly!" "Well," said he, "didn't I tell you to pore it out! I shouldn't wonder if they was all sope afore mornin'." And sure enough, with the sope and the runin' my feet did feel just like two red blisters. I sot down on he stoop and tried to pull my boots off; and Jim he tried, but they wouldn't start any more than the skin itself, and I might jest as well tried to pull the bones out, so I see'd I must grin and bear it for the nite for sartin

though I couldn't stand up strate for the life of me. When we got in they was bizzzy enuf. Some was parin', some was cornin' and some was stringin', and they was all torkin' and laffin like all nater. About half a duzen fellers was down on a bench, in one corner, with baskets of apples rite afore them, and if the pairins didn't fly oft in what folks call a tangint, then I never seed'd one. Then there was about as many more gals and fellers cuttin' off the butts and tips, and a parcel more was cuttin' out the cores, while a almighty lot was stringin' as if for life and no bitters. 'Many hands make light work,' thinks I, so I made for the long table where they was stringin'. I seed'd the prettyest galls was all at that table, and besides, they seemed to have the mos fun. 'Prudence,' says I, 'lend a feller needle.' 'Sorry to pity you, Mr. Parsely,' says she, 'but you see I have jest lent the last one to Sam Snooks.'— 'Sam,' says I, 'hand us over that needle if you please.' 'See you blamed first, Jed,' says Sam, 'Youd better take yourself out of this, we're crowded now, besides I jest heard Hetty Gawkins ax arter you over there among the but-enders.' Howsomever, I hunted a-round till I found a needle, but as for gittin a place to stand at the table that was another sort of affair, and arter tryin all around I concluded to give it up and go to cornin'. But while I had been tryin' to git a place at the long table Jim Spooner had insinuated himself into the only vacant place there, so I had to go to buttin' or do nothin'. And what made it worse than all the rest, I had to stand along side of Hetty Gawkins. She was the mos homliest gal in our parts; her eyes and disposition was pretty much alik—they were both as cross as a saw hoss. Her mouth was put on all of a skew, and her nose was so big that Mike Longly said it took two hankercchers to blow it. I didn't feel very good natered myself, cause one thing, my toes was so sore, and cause for another thing, I didn't take much of a shine to Hetty. Howsomever, we got along putty well, considerin', cause you see I torked a-cross the table, and if my toes hadn't kept me treadin' just like a gander in a cold mornin', just on one foot and then on tother, I should felt tollerable contented. I was orful glad when they said supper. We'd got the apples pared and strung, and piled up in the clothes press—and a master heap there was of them, too, and then we went to cleanin' up and shovelled the parins and cores up into baskets, and carried them into the shed. Then the galls set to and swept all the skatterins into one corner, and it had jest begun to sound like Babel broke loose, when Col. Gristle says 'supper's ready!' Jemimah how quick they all stopt. Pretty soon, however, they begun to pair off towards the kicken, and I seed'd a dandy sort of a feller from the village shinin' up to Prudence Parr, as much as to say 'with your leave, Miss, I'll wait on you.' Thinks I, now or never, so I stepped up pretty quick, and stickin out one foot to make a bow, I struck it full force against one of the bench logs. 'Darnation!' said I, and didn't I double up about the quickest? The galls all tittered, and some of the fellers laffed rite out.

By the time I'd got strate again and wiped the tears out of my eyes, Prudence had gone off with the dandy, and as I felt considerable wamblecropt, I didn't try any more on 'em, but limped into the kichen, and daubed into the catables. The supper went off pretty fair. The fellers helped the gals to applesass and dog-nuts, and ginger tea, and pies and a lot of new sider, and I had got my toes trod on every little while, I should took real comfort. Arter a while they went to drinkin' (cosses and kissin' glasses, and crossin' tumblers, &c.) and we are having a fust rate spell of weather, when Joe Spraing steps to Sally Savage, 'With your leave Miss Sally, I should like to take a cross-handed drink of sider with you,' 'Oh, I'm agreeable as a chip basket,' says Sally. So they filled up and standin' kinder facin' with the tumblers in their right hands, they locked their right arms and begun to swaller. But as Joe got his about half down, some infernal scamp come along behind and pricked him eenmost to the bone! I was standin' rather afore and rather side on him, and I seed him gump, and then he shut his mouth and tried to choke it down, but it wasn't no go—the sider skwirled out of his nose, and threw his teeth, and at last he fairly busted up rite in Sally's face and eyes! Pollywogs! wasn't there a mess! And then such a roar! I wouldn't been

in Joe's shoes for a kwart of beech nuts. Sally's frock was all spiled, and her new collar all wilted down just like a piece of wilted bladder. Howsoever they wiped her down pretty dry, and Coz. Becky said she didn't think the sider would stain, especially if she put her frock asore as soon as she got home. But the dandy chap said how it would take the culter out. He said that sider was a asshead and that asshead allers took the culter out of such stuff, if they did not have some alkerry to contract it. Coz. Christie didn't relish it much to have the sider called a asshead; he seed that it even come out of a hoghead, and he had a good-come-in barrel, and he himself seed to the cleansin' on't. And as for his alkerry, he didn't see any thing more alkerry than the furres that dandy chap wore on the sides of his face, and if he didn't mind his eye he'd pull some of his alkerry out for him. But the dandy warn't to be put down so, but went on to explain how that alkerry's ment sallyratus and pearlsh and such 'stuf, and finally persuaded them to put on what he called a pollution of sallyratus. Sal said she didn't think much good out, for it would be puttin' two Sals together and she did n't believe they'd agree any how, and as for pollushun they'd got enuf of that already. Howsoever they rubbed her all over with it, wherever the sider went, and may I be twisted into a pig-tail, if in half a hour, she didn't look, as Jim Spooner said, like a whited sepulcher only wusser. Her frock was sorter pinkish, and wherever the pollushun went it took out all the culter only the sider culter, and that was just no culter at all. I goss she remembered the dandy as long as she did poor Joe Sprig, who stood into a corner and never seed bool all the rest of the evening. Well arter we had eat and dranked as much as we could hold the galls turned too and cleared off the dishes and then we began the spree in earnest.

Col. Giles had got black Jake to come and fiddle, so we laid out for two sets, one in the fore room and the other in the kitchen, and black Jake took his place the entry between, so that both could hear the music. I didn't feel much like to sit down to eat, 'cause I was a kinder thort I'd try one or two jiggs, so arter they'd begun to stund up, I walked up to a pretty looking sort of a gal that nobody seemed to notice, she was so still and quiet like, and axed her if she'd 'st favor me with her hand? &c., she said 'she was much obliged, she guessed she shouldn't dance that time.' 'May be you will the next then,' says I, 'thinkin' to engage her aforehand, you know; but she curled up like a pint of beet juice, and said something I didn't hear, when turning my eye, I seed half a dozen fellers lookin' at me cummost ready to snort rite out. Jest then the dandy chap came struttin' along with Prudence, and as they got close to me, Prudence says she in a sorter whisper, 'Jed, somebody's pinned the dishcloth on your back!' 'Flamenation! but I felt mad enough to raze rite up in end. 'Who on earth,' seed I, 'has did this?' and I kicked it off in less than no time. It was all wet and greasy, and I felt a sorter 'chokin' sensation, just as though I could have crammed it down somebody's neck, grease and all. At that minit I seed a chap lookin' mighty knowin' and solemn, with a confoundedly long wink out of one corner of his eye. Soas I was bilin' I jeslet the dish cloth drive. One corner of it took the solemn chap across the nose and slipping off the whole consarn went flapping rite into the nigger's fiddle! 'K! says blackey, 'who do dat?' I saw dat feller nasty put rite at a nigger! I say, massa Grissell! massa Grissell! somebody's changed his one-nasty dish rag into a nigger's fiddle! He pible him tirely; do you be grouse all over; and do trigg, do be no tum, tum, tum.' I seed I was in for it, but I was too mad to back out. 'I threw it, Jake,' says I, 'but not at you,' and I rolled back the cuffs of my coat. 'Now if any of you want to try titles jest come on; I'll settle with the nigger for the fiddle.' The sollum chap wiped his chops but said nothing, but I seed he winked out of tother corner. I was so riled I forgot all about my toes, and jest then Col. Grissle cum along and I walked rite up to him, and told him I didn't come to his house to be insulted in that kind of a way, and get in a muss with a nigger, and that I was going rite home; and so I would in less than two minutes. 'You shan't do no such thing, Jed,' says he, 'I aint going to have any kwarrellin' in this place, so jest take my darter Liz and stand up long with the rest, I'll see that Jake tunes it up.' I soon seed that a little spunk goes a great ways some times. Liz who was shy of me all the evenin' now come up

to the work and we went at it down outside, up the middle, cast off, right and left, puttin' in the dubble shuffles, and toe and heel like all natur. Jake, however, would sometimes make a slip on the high notes, and then we could hear him 'tam de dish rag!' Prudence Parr and the dandy feller seemed mighty thick all the time, and I didn't like it at all. You see I always took a liking to Prue, and I kinder thort she liked me too, but I seed it was no use now, so I concluded to hold on and watch 'em. Pretty soon it came their turn to lead off, and if Allicury didn't trot out fair, then no colt ever did. He sartinly did do it in pretty good stile, considerin', only he put in rather too many metrical work, but for the dubble shuffles, he couldn't hold a candle to some of us. Prue was a loud one at the work, and the way she rattled the shoe leather was ominous of a swift destruction of heel taps. Allicury seemed ambishus to throw off his passes, and jest as he got down to the lower end, I seed him tryin' to duvtail a pigeon wing into some of his queer crankums, when fetchin' down one foot rather hard, he trod on an apple peelin' and both his heels flew into the air quicker than you could count haf! One of his sod-settlers took Prudence in the stummuck and een-most sent her threw one of the winders; the other hit like Miles rite under the smeller and plagy near knocked his nose off, while Allicury come down ker thump rite on the bottom of his back. Crickery! how the dishes rattled! and such a boss laf, I gess you never heard on. 'I bring the chicken up to the doe dish,' says Jim Spooner. 'Give him some of the pollushun,' says Sal Savage, 'it will catract the ashead.' 'He's got pollushun enuf now, I gess,' says Mike Longley, 'only jest look, his trowises is all split up.' And may I be catamauled, if his trowises wasn't all busted out, from his waistbands clean down, haf way to his boots! Airth and worms how he did look! His trowises was strapped down awful tite, and they was a snug fit besides, and so when he kinder got up on his legs, he kinder clapped both hands behind him and sorter backed into the kitchen, and the last we seed on him, he was in the road steakin' it for the village like destruction. I never seed any gall look more shamed of herself than Prudence Parr did for a considerable spell afterwards, for what with the mortification, and what with the all-sufficient rib-riser that Allicury give her vitals she seemed jest like a sick goslin. As for like Miles he said his probossis felt about the strangest, it was as much as an inch shorter, and broad agin as he had ever knowed it afore. 'Rub it with soft sope,' says Jim Spooner, 'and all the kicks will wipe out as smooth as a dishcloth.' 'None of your slack here, Jim,' says I, and I give him a look that sobered him about the quickest. 'Come grind away, old meal-bag,' says I, 'or you'll never earn your dollar.' Nig rolled out the onion skin, rubbed on the rosium, and tid-re-i-whoop! what a spree! We danced the nigger fast ascep, but that didn't make no odds—he kept the tid-re-i goin' regular as a tea party, and his head nodded this way and that way kept time like a steme injun. Prudence got over her fit of Allicury, and I danced with her, and then she danced with me, and everything went on as smooth as a taller candle. I forgot all about my toes, and finally as nobody asked Hetty to dance I thort I wou'd. The varmint told me slap! 'She warn't goin' to dance with me nor nobody else when we'd got clear down to the tail of the heap.' 'Jest as you like, Miss,' says I; 'no offence, I hope.' And with that Col. Grissle come along, and says he, 'Boys and gals, I gess you've had fun enough for one spres, and perhaps you'd better think about gittin home afore long.' I felt that for one I'd got a belly full, and to rights I told him so—and so said the rest of the fellers, and so said Prudence Parr, and Sal Savage said she'd got pollushun enuf, and she guessed Allicury had too, and so we concluded to mizle. I kept an eye on Prudence, so as to ask her to ride home with me, which would be handy all round as her folks lived jest beyond our house, but the first I knew, she was all ready, and whose arm should she be hold on, but Jim Spooner's 'Come Jed,' says he, 'flare up—the mare's waitin'—where's your gal?' I felt so dumfounded-like that I didn't know what to think. 'The dogs she is!' says I; 'well, go rite out and get in and I'll be there in two seconds.' But come to look round there warn't nobody goin' our way but what got fellers, except Hetty Gawkins. Thinks I, I'll stay all nite and court Liz, but jest then I seed Mike Longley with one arm round Liz's waste, and lookin' as

knowin' as a Coon in a cornfield, so I seed'd very plainly it was Hetty or go home alone, and to make the matter short I asked. She said she didn't kere if she went out and tumbled in. There warn't no't only one seat, so I set in Hetty's lap and Jim in Prudence's lap, and off we started. I didn't feel exactly rite, but as we were to unload Hetty about half way, it wasn't so bad as might be. I had the reins, and for one I didn't feel like being very long on the road, and I guess the old mare didn't neither, for we hadn't gone far afore her tail began to go wishy, wishy—and her fore feet kept coming down harder, and pretty soon she broke into a clean run, which made the wagon jump from one stone to another as if 't would shake your liver out. 'Hold the critter in! don't let her break!' says Jim. 'Never fear,' says I. 'I'll fetch her up easy at any time.' Jest then we come to a little piece of down hill, which was as ruff as a cat's back when she's skereed, and I set out to hold her up, but the more I pulled her the wusser she run. I braced agin the fore part and told Hetty to hold on behind, and then I give one almighty twitch; something give way, though I couldn't tell what it was, but it seemed as if I'd split the old critter's jaws clear up to the ears, but it didn't stop her no more than it would to whistle to chain lightning.' On she went faster and faster, and at every plunge the old wagon seat and all there was on it would jump as much as two feet, right in eend sartain. The trees and fences flew by so quick we couldn't count them, and the moon, which was almost down, kept rollin and tumbilin about orfally, while as for the stars, the sky was all kivered with little shiny specks, that kept dancing and chitterweein' about jest like the sparks in a blacksmith's chimney. The gals they screamed, and Jim he got hold of one rain and hollered whoo! and I gripped t'other and hollered whoo! but there was no whoo to her—she only pulled a little harder, and made the fire roll out of the rocks terribly. I thort for sartin the judgment day was come and we was death on the pale hoss. When we got opposite old Squire Gawkins', Hetty sung out like a pig under a gate to get on—ou—would she couldn't do it all at once, you know, on account of the motion, and she screeched so you might have heered her two miles. 'Hold your tongue, you infernal wild cat!' says Jim, 'for this old she devil here ahead, will lead us all into eternity in less than no time. Prudence blubbered, and put her arms around Jim and hugged about the closest. I kinder thort I shouldn't much kere if we did all go to the place he spoke of, if I could sit in his seat—it would be a kind of satisfaction to be chewed up in a stone heap, if the smash would only come when I had two such pretty arms around me. But as for Hetty, she dug her long bony knuckles into my ribs as if she'd tear my bones out. It was heaven's mercy how the old mare kept the road, for we couldn't steer her no more than we could the wild rinoscero, and the smoke rolled out of her nostrils like Beelzebub himself. Well on we went likety smash, over the rocks and gridrons, sometimes on one wheel and sometimes on none at all. Jehu! how she did make the gravel fly—my teeth rattled in my head as if they were all loose in the socket. At last we come in sight of Deacon Dimon's. 'Now,' says Jim, hold her in, for if she turns up the Deacon's lane we are all gone suckers. Well, says I, lend us a hand at this off rein—and we placed ourselves. 'Give off the word, Jim,' says I. 'Now then, together,' says he, and we settled upon her. But we might jest as well tried to hold a bull moose by the tail. At that moment the rein broke and let us back onto the galls. 'Oh! says Prudence; 'Waugh! says Hetty; 'It's comin', says Jim, and I seed it was, for at that instant the old mare turned the corner like a weather-rooster in a whirlwind. 'Hold on,' says I, and Hetty left in her bread hooks like the grip of death to a dead nigger. I felt a sort of dizzy feelin' jest as a body does afore they puke—so I drewed in my head and shut my eyes, and over we went! there was a yell and then a smash, and then when I come to myself I was sticking forked eend up, drove clean over my shoulders in a heap of corn fodder! As soon as I could dig out I looked around for the fragments.—Hetty was lyin on her back with near half the back side of my trowsers in her clutch, that she griped and never let go of when the smash come.—The old mare was gone with the fore wheels, and the rest of the wagon was bottom up in the ditch. Prudence wasn't hurt much—she fell as I did, on the stalks; but as for poor Jim I thort it